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To Pavlova
by Douglas Malloch



TO PAVLOWA

BY

DOUGLAS MALLOCHE
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Illustrated with photographs by
Schnieder, Berlin, and Harris, London

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DEDICATION

TO ANNA PAVLOWA
THE INCOMPARABLE

Across the Greening Grasses

A CROSS the greening grasses,
 Across the lovely lawn,
A dancing spirit passes,
 A daughter of the dawn.
A sun-ray running after
 Attends her flying feet,
And all the world is laughter,
 And all the sky is sweet.

She flits among the roses,
 And to her faery art
The blushing bud discloses
 The secret of its heart.
The birds of heaven follow,
 The mating birds above,
And ev'ry happy swallow
 Is singing of his love.

Who art thou, merry comer,
 Who art thou, faery queen?
Art thou the soul of Summer
 That turns the world to green?
Who thus the bird entrances
 And bids the buds arise?—
Pavlowa of the dances
 A daughter of the skies!



Claude Harris, London

Pavlowa, All Nations Are Thine

PAVLOWA, all nations are thine,
 No country thy country alone.
Terpsichore who shall confine?
 Has genius a land or a zone?
 You have danced at the foot of a throne;
Republics have worshipped your shrine—
Pavlowa, all nations are thine,
 No country thy country alone.

Pavlowa, O dancer divine,
 Thou art not one woman alone.
For thou art all women—the wine
 That all of life's lovers have known.
 The love in thy eyes that has shone
Another has looked into mine—
Pavlowa, O dancer divine,
 Thou art not one woman alone.



Schnieder, Berlin

There is the Spirit of the Out-of-Doors

THERE is the spirit of the out-of-doors
In all your art, Pavlowa. Into halls
Cold with gray marble and mosaic floors,
Amid the gloomy grandeur of great walls,
You have come flitting like a ray of sun,
You have come winging like a mountain bird—
Until we saw the merry rivers run
And all the forest melodies we heard.

Stage, walls, roofs, all our architecture, fade
Before a magic terpsichorean;
The mating birds are singing in the glade,
We hear the music of the pipes of Pan.
We float in silence down a quiet stream,
In stormy passions we are caught and whirled—
Yea, by the wonder of a dancing dream,
We wander with you through another world.



Schnieder, Berlin

She Poises Like a Panting Bird

SHE poises like a panting bird
Suspended on the edge of things,
A messenger that waits the word
To voyage upward on her wings
Where sister swallows flutter by.
The air above is music-stirred,
The world about is singing mirth,
Until we wonder if the earth
Or sky supernal gave her birth—
This creature of both earth and sky.



Schnieder, Berlin

Pavlowa Clad In Furs

PAVLOWA, clad in furs,
 Looks sweetly up to me,
 Looks languidly from eyes,
From changing eyes of hers
 Oft lit with revelry,
 Now calm and weary-wise.

Here is a beauty new;
 Here quiet gentleness
 Does genius new disclose:
Pavlowa, watching you,
 We find you none the less
 As graceful in repose.



Schnieder, Berlin

Pavlowa of the Twinkling Toes

PAVLOWA of the twinkling toes,
I have seen others match your art—
A sun-ray dancing on the snows,
A humming-bird beside a rose,
The mountain forest's springing dart,
A ripple on a Summer sea,
A leaf a-flutter in the trees,
As near to Nature, faery-free
As your own self have seemed to be—
And only these.



Schnieder, Berlin

Now Dance for Me the Bacchanale

NOW dance for me the Bacchanale,
Pavlowa, Bacchus' airy sprite,
And we shall tread the fields of folly
Through purple gardens of delight.
However mad your merry measure,
However amorous your sighs,
Wherever lies the path of pleasure
There I shall follow with my eyes.



Schnieder, Berlin

In Some Greek Garden Long Ago

IN some Greek garden long ago
A sad-sweet maiden marvelled long
That rosy roads must turn to snow
And Winter still the Summer's song.
“And what were all the gods,” she said,
“If one could keep the love of men?
The bliss of Heaven if the dead
Might come returning here again?
For I would longer live,” she cried,
“In some new shape, in some new soul!”
Then in her stated time she died;
And still the stated seasons roll.

And yet, Pavlowa, here it seemed
I saw the maiden seated so;
Pavlowa, was it you that dreamed
In some Greek garden long ago?

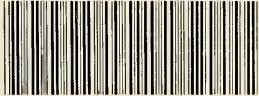


Claude Harris, London

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